

# SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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GEORGE O. BARNES.  
God is Love and Nothing Else.

PRAISE THE LORD.

[Conclusion of letter from Sanibel Island, Fla.]

Do you ask how we are getting on? Fairly. We are well advanced on the house that is built across the line of Marie's and Georgia's farms. One loving friend undertook to build their "estate by the sea," that is, "foot the bill" for it. It will cost \$300 and will be quite palatial in comparison with the generality of our Sanibel houses. It is built on a lovely site, about 200 yards from the Gulf and in full view of that grand body of brine. The light-house is also visible from the eastern window—fully 6 miles away. Their house, which is to go by the name of "The Sisters," is about two miles from Palm Beach as the crow flies or three via the bridge over "Bayou Grande," and the beach road. In humble imitation of our worthy predecessors in Island life, Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson, we have undertaken to give pretty names to objects of interest on Sanibel, and are hopeful that our neighbors will accept them, in time. For example, what is known by the aqueous title of the "Big Slough," that splits a large part of our island in twain, we call "Bayou Grande," among ourselves; and rigorously correct any lapse into the old barbarism. By and by others will hear the name, like it and adopt it—we hope; for well I know how an old name clings, "like a limpet to a rock." Then a smaller depression on my farm, just back of Palm Ranch, that is spanned by a foot-bridge, one plank wide, we call "Chota Bayon." This is Hindustani and Spanish combined, as the former is all Spanish. "Chota" means "little" in the language of India.

Neither Will nor Yorick have done more than prepare for their houses, by the accumulation of material, as we have been able to gather it.

When I think of the inability of building four houses I marvel that I ever thought of coming here, knowing that the house building had to be done. In fact, I didn't think, nor plan, nor do anything, but follow what I took to be my "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night." Thus far it has led me almost through this pathless wilderness of house building in peace and safety. When I get a little scared, I just seem a little harder on the Lord. So far our "credit is good," because we have never asked it. When we do, of course it will get bad. "If you got him, I want him, but if you no got him, I want him," was the inconsistent way the old Frenchman put it to the cashier of the bank where his money was deposited and which he had heard was about to collapse. This is a funny world, isn't it? Funny over the left, I mean. How I despise its hollow-hearted, cruel maxims and ways of icy selfishness! I have just now no words suitable to a full expression of the contempt its treachery arouses.

"False as the smooth deceitful sea  
And empty as the whistling wind."

are all its fair promises, as the old hymn has it.

The weather is simply delicious. Hot in the sun, but in shade, with breezes from some quarter or other, ever blowing freshly, nothing more perfect in the way of climate can be imagined.

Everything I have planted grows with a bound. I have a grove of 30 oranges, 30 lemons, 20 guavas, 4 grape fruit, 50 bananas, 3 Avocada pears, 2 mangoes, 1 Jamaica apple and 250 pineapples. I did nothing but dig holes in the grass and put them in. Time to cultivate I have not yet had. But the varied assortment grew off as it tended with the utmost care. For raw, unturned land, the effects are marvellous.

In fact this is a marvellous island. I like it better every day. Barring mosquitoes, it is nearer an earthly Paradise than any spot I have yet come across in all my travels.

We have a nice boat now. It was a necessity, and at the right time, one, at a bargain, offered itself, without our hunting for it. I had never seen it; did not hear of it; knew little about the value of boats; but when the man came to me with it, I knew it was well worth the money, and bought it, without trial, in 5 minutes. She has turned out more than all we anticipated; sails like a duck and pretty as a picture. Will manages her beautifully and the girls are taking lessons in sailing, whenever they have leisure to go aboard. The drain for boat hire will pay for her in a year. We call her, by unanimous consent, the "May F." after the sweet girl who shared, uncomplainingly, the first rough days of our homesteading, and whom we miss so greatly every day, now. I hope the dear child has recovered the complexion she lost, for a time, over our cooking stove and in the bronzing sun; but in her elegant Covington home, surrounded by every luxury, I am sure she often thinks

with pleasure of her unique Sanibel experiences.

Our poultry yard is the broad prairie and our fowls flourish in their unlimited range. We shut them up in a coon-proof enclosure at night. We have but a dozen, but these lay an astonishing number of eggs, saving us much. The kitchen scraps more than suffice for their keep. For the rest, our cooking stove is the "Derby No. 7," the daintiest little hot food producer I know. It is simply faultless. So our Marie, best of cooks and patientest, reports. Our ware is largely tin and iron. The spoons, neatly kept, are uncomely like silver, save for a tendency to double up under pressure. We are meditating a dining-table of planed boards, but have found no leisure for its manufacture yet. We keep everything in tin cans, in consequence of the investigating propensities of the blue rat that makes nightly visits and invades without leave or license. We rather continue to pet the black snakes. We were out this morning, looking at one swallowing a lizard it had captured; and, after the operation, allowed it to depart unharmed. I must correct a statement in a former epistle about the centipedes and scorpions. I have seen both, since that letter was written, but they were small and comparatively innocuous; and I still aver that our beautiful island is not infested with hurtful reptiles; but remarkably free from them.

We use "One Spoon Baking Powder" and find it "immense." What shall I say of "condensed milk"? Blessed be the inventor, patenteer and vendor! We don't care for a cow. The "First Prize" brand is sufficient for delicious coffee and "Highland" foreyster stews, "cream gravy" of the best, and anything that milk without sugar is used for. Marie serves up stunning "combinations" selected from the surplusage of our canned goods, after they have been once on table. The art consists in never recognizing them again, yet having something better than the original edible. Here is where native genius asserts itself. A wondrous housekeeper is George. Imperial is she, when, broom in hand, she sways it as a queenly sceptre. *Noseilia* is she. My youngest is a born housekeeper, with indefinite capacity for stowing everything out of sight. We humbly wait upon her for what we want. I think she secretly exults in ourject dependence; and when we weekly ask for our hats, our coats, our dressing gowns, our anything and everything, not daring to invade her repositories, nor lift the mysterious curtains where each garment is suspended from its own particular nail; then, our helplessness is dear as the breath of her nostrils to the baby. She delights to get things for us, but woe to the luckless wight who goes rummaging "on his own hook" in her incomprehensible domain. She rises to her full height—close on 6 feet—and towers like a giantess in her housekeeping wrath.

Among the sick we note R. A. Brown is some better. Wm. Henderson is improving; Mrs. Dr. Brown and Mrs. Wm. Stewart are no better. The Misses Langford are improving.

Henry Lezinsky, an old-time drummer, was among friends here Tuesday. Col. Fish was in from Pineville Tuesday. J. R. Cass, of Brodhead, visited his mother in Louisville Monday.

The democracy of Rockcastle county are requested to meet in mass convention at the court-house in Mt. Vernon, Saturday, the 27th day of April, '89, at 2 p.m., to select delegates to attend the State convention, to be held in Louisville, on the 8th day of May, 1889, to nominate a candidate for State Treasurer. D. N. Williams, Chairman C. C.

Fifty years ago Henry Northern and Sallie Knuckles, of this county, were engaged to be married. For some cause the match was broken off. Both married and raised families. Losing their partners, they concluded to patch up old differences and get married. Last Wednesday the ceremony was performed. He is 75, while she is 71.

Hugh.—Hugh Gilvin died Tuesday night after a long illness, aged 75 years. He has been living here two years. His remains were taken to Danville by Undertaker W. O. Riggs, thence to Kingsville to be buried. G. A. Swinebroad sold a mule colt for \$90. C. R. Harris sold one to Woods or \$80. C. C. Sink received a telegram Saturday that his father, in Ohio, was dead. Mrs. Duncan, of Wayne county, is visiting at M. F. Herking's. Wesley Owlesley has employed Yeakey to build his house on the tobacco barn lot, which will soon be one more addition to Cherry street. J. C. Embanks has sold his new crop of wheat to Rochester at 75 cents per bushel. William Underwood has sold his for 70 cents per bushel and the rise.

Ever in Jesus. — G.O. BARNES.

A soldier who had been taken had a wife and children living in New Jersey. A good minister learning that there was soon to be a general exchange of prisoners, and wishing to relieve the anxiety of the wife, called and told her that her husband would probably be exchanged in a short time. "Well," said the poor, broken hearted woman, "I love John and the children love him, and if he isn't so handsome as some men, I don't want to exchange him; and I won't have a rebel for a husband, so now!"

A Crawfordsville, Ga., negro had a favorite cat that had been given him and the feline would not stay with its dusky master. The gentleman of color inquired around for a remedy by which he could attach his cat to its new home and finally this remedy was given him. Measure the length of a cat's tail with a common broom straw, snuff the straw with soot from the family chimney, and place this—the charmer—under the doosteps. This was strictly followed and the cat has not left the place since.

A gentleman living in Baxley recently dreamed that in a certain hole under a stump of a tree he would find a fur collar which had been stolen from his house. He visited the field, found the stump, and placing his hand in the hole felt a furry substance, pulled it out and dropped the skunk on short notice, and has since been fumigating the clothes he wears on the occasion.—Savannah News.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

RICHMOND.

The Capital of the Old Dominion and of the Late Southern Confederacy

Forging Ahead.

RICHMOND, Va., April 22, '89.—To say that Richmond is keeping pace with the large cities in increase of population and improvements of a general nature would not do justice to this city, famed because of its historic events. She is indeed ahead of the hounds and is rapidly wending her way to the forefront. Business of all kinds goes hand in hand with the increased population and business men tell me that it will be only a few years till the Richmond manufacturers will rival even those of the cities in the New England States. "Progress" is the motto and when the Old Dominion people set their minds to success in anything, succeed they will. The love for the capital of my native State causes a feeling of gratification to go over me when I see how proudly she is advancing to the front, bearing as her motto the above word so full of meaning. May she stretch forth till every inch of sacred soil in a country ye gods can not find fault with.

Stephen Carson and T. D. Mullins are doing the smiling act this week. A boy for the first and a girl for the latter.

The writer and some friends had a fine time Monday night in a regular old-fashioned fish-gigging. Fifteen pounds of fish were taken.

The Wild Quarry is temporarily idle on account of a disagreement in the settlement of a judgment lately issued against the proprietors.

Mrs. Clementine Watson, of Indiana, came out last week to visit her sick sister, Mrs. Angelina Collier. Mrs. C. was dead on her arrival.

Deliah Denny, aged 95, died at Leeville Green a few days since. Wesley Owens, of Pine Hill, died Saturday morning. Mrs. Pauline Hamm died last week of consumption.

John Marler's house, barn and smoke house that were burned last Thursday had no insurance on them. Neighbors and friends are contributing largely towards rebuilding.

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While the city is growing so rapidly in increase of inhabitants, Hollywood cemetery is also being rapidly filled up. Driving through to the sad spot where our dear little niece, Ella Lee, lies buried, I could but notice the new graves and head stones that have been added since just a year ago when I visited it. How well I remember that drive with little Ella Lee pointing out the handsome monuments and beautiful flowers that adorned some of the graves, how well I remember her suggesting the different spots as places for sections in that city of the dead, and how very sad now to recall these thoughts and think of her gone from us forever. It was a pleasure although to me very sad, to visit her little grave, marked by a neat headstone bearing these appropriate words: "Buried on earth to bloom in Heaven," and pluck from it a pansy, her favorite of all flowers. Everything I see is a reminder of her who is now with the angels, and the more I think of her life, of the thousands of things she has done for my happiness, the more thoroughly I am convinced that:

It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

I have just received Friday's INTERIOR JOURNAL and am pained at the announcement of Mrs. Dr. Ayneid's death. I knew Miss Jennie Buchanan well and have never, nor shall I ever forget the kindness she showed me when I first went to Crab Orchard in the interest of this paper. Not only did she assist me by becoming a patron herself, but helped me otherwise, the kindness of which is to-day green on memory's page.

I shall let well enough alone and not attempt to describe Richmond, believing that the editor's numerous letters from here and several I have attempted will give the readers of the L.J., innumerable though they are, sufficient knowledge of the Capital of the Confederacy. I visit my old home and neighborhood in a few days and if then I find something of interest I shall make a brief mention of it in my next. Virginia's hospitality is unchanged, save, if possible, to slightly increase, and that I am enjoying it goes without saying.

E. C. W.

The following pointed personal appears in the Richmond Register:

The good people of Garrard county are rejoicing in the fact that the Best boys—who are known in that county as the worst boys—have gone with their families to make their future homes in Kansas. Everybody who knew them wishes they may be highly prosperous, and that they may never return to their native health.

Listen—a song of joy—  
Hearts that were heavy are glad,  
Women, look up and be hopeful,  
There's help and there's health to be had,  
Take courage, O weak ones despondent,  
And drive back the fear that you fear,  
With the weapon that never fails you,  
O, be of good cheer.

for whom you suffer from any of the weaknesses, irregularities, and functional derangements peculiar to your sex, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription you can put the enemy of ill-health and happiness to rout. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See bottle-wrapper.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription  
is the best and most effective remedy  
for all derangements of the liver, stomach,  
and bowels, and has been used  
in cases of this class for many years.

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SURGEON DENTIST,  
STANFORD,

KENTUCKY,

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Engineering and Surveying in all branches.

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CAPT. FRANK B. RILEY, PROPRIETOR

Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished. First-class Fare and Reasonable Prices. Day and night Trains are met by Police Parties at this Popular House.

LOUIS SCHLEGEL,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

RICHMOND, KY.

This powder is extra. A pound of powder strength and whitening agent. More economical than the ordinary brands and will not be equalled in competition with the multi-grade of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

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